

THE
CANADIAN MINSTREL.



The Muse of Canada.

I sing not of those isles renown'd,
From which our fathers came,
Nor legend, tower, nor battle-ground,
Of France or Britain's fame.
'Mong forest-wilds my fancy roams,
For maple-leaves and flowers,
As wreathes for our CANADIAN HOMES,
In this dear land of ours.

Tho' we have not historic page,
That foreign nations claim,
Yet we can boast as bright an age,
With deeds of noble fame.
Our forest leaves are fill'd with rhymes ;
There's music in our soil ;
And tho' we live in golden times,
We sing the *Song of Toil*.

We have no poet laureate here,
No ancient harp we claim ;
No minstrel bard, nor mountain seer,
To sing our deeds of fame.
Poetic themes on every page,
To Canada belong,
Tho' living in a prosaic age,
We have our Sons of Song.